The Iberian

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AILZA, THE IBERIAN.

THE IBERIAN

ANGLO-GREEK PLAY

BY

OSBORN R. LAMB

WITH MUSIC BY

H. CLAIBORNE DIXON

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26.3.40

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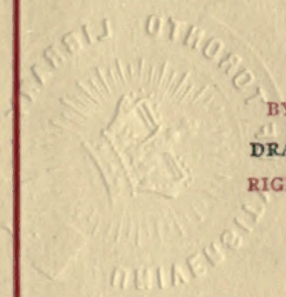

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THE

MUSICAL SCORE

COMPOSED BY

H. CLAIBORNE DIXON

CONSISTING OF

THE PRELUDE

THE

THREE CHORAL HYMNS

AND OTHER

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

WILL BE

PUBLISHED SEPARATELY.

Introduction.

IN writing "The Iberian" we have attempted to combine in a play of one act the beauties of the ancient Greek drama with those of the modern romantic play, so as to adapt the same to the stage and scenario of to-day.

We have followed the ancient drama in the unities of time, place and theme, and have also restricted our plot to the utmost simplicity, employing the least number of characters possible to develop it; the Chorus and Semi-Chorus we have made to appear upon the scene as was the Roman custom. These beautiful lyrical characters lent a charm to the ancient drama which has ever been lacking in that of our modern school. However, we have willingly followed the latter in some essential details, believing that by so doing we should attain a most pleasing and artistic combination.

It is scarcely necessary to call attention to the different forms of verse employed. All students of Shakespeare recognize, as he did, the necessity of variety, which when not carried to excess affords a certain pleasure. An additional zest is added in reading a play, for one must then build in imagina-

tion the character, passions and emotions of each personage from their dialogues; this will give a satisfaction to the intelligent reader which the narrative form of writing cannot do, for that is based on the theory that the writer has all the imagination, and the reader little or none at all.

ATHENS.

The Scene of the Play.

435 B. C.

ATHENS had attained the very zenith of her glory by the year 435 B. C. The Hellenic League, formed for the mutual protection of the Grecian States against the Persians, was still in force, the maritime power of Athens then extended over the entire Greek coast and islands, the great treasure on the sacred island of Delos had been transferred to Athens, and vast sums were being expended for the beautification of the city under the wise direction of Pericles, their first citizen, who, together with the greatest architects, engineers and sculptors of the day, was making Athens the wonder of the world. The Parthenon was rebuilt and adorned with the most beautiful sculptures by Phidias, the Erechtheum had been rebuilt, the Propylæa erected, the colossal statue of Athena in gold and ivory by Phidias had been completed, and the Acropolis began to be called the City of the Gods.

The city, moreover, had been adorned with marble colonnades, fountains, and beautiful groves in which the idle populace could linger, and amid all loomed

the great theatre of Dionysus, capable of seating ten thousand people. Here the great tragedies of Æschylus, Euripides and Sophocles, and later the incomparable comedies of Aristophanes, were produced with a magnificence which has never been equaled.

As the Olympian games were developing the highest type of physical manhood, so the great philosophers Anaxagoras, Zeno and Socrates were developing the minds of the youth of Athens, and producing a noble type of men and citizens. When we consider that during the golden age of Pericles, a period of only thirty years, there lived in Greece the great philosophers and historians Anaxagoras, Zeno, Socrates, Protagoras, Democritus, Empedocles, Meton, Herodotus, Thucydides and Hippocrates, the wonderful poets Æschylus, Pindar, Sophocles, Euripides, and the master sculptors Phidias, Polyclitus and Myron, we must admit that there has never been produced since such an array of genius. What wonder, then, that we still seek the shrines of Athens for inspiration in philosophy, architecture and poetry.

While all this is quite true, it must not blind us to the defects of the Athenians or their policies. Though they boasted of their democracy, their fickleness in matters political was proverbial, and it is surprising to learn that Pericles remained in power thirty years. Moreover, the average intelligence of

the populace was very low; superstition was rampant, and, what was worse, idleness was sapping the morale of the people; freedmen considered it degrading to work, which consequently had to be performed by a vast army of slaves; but what was worse than all, the greatness of Athens was built upon the most unstable of foundations—that is to say, conquest and tribute. As a result the Peloponnesian war, which was soon to follow, left Greece open to the attacks of her foreign enemies, and from that day forth her greatness declined.

The scene of this play is laid in the home of Lucian, a wealthy and public-spirited citizen of Athens during this brilliant period.

IBERIA.

The Native Land of Ailza.

IBERIA was the ancient name of Spain or that territory now comprising Spain and Portugal which is still known as the Iberian Peninsula.

The Iberians are probably the oldest race of which we have any tradition, and are still represented by that remarkable people, the Basques of Northern Spain and Southern France, whose origin has ever been a mystery. Of their great antiquity we have ample proof in their language, which philologists tell us has no analogy to that of any of the Aryan invasions, the Celts, Cymrys, Teutons or Slavs; moreover, history states that they occupied western Europe, as far north as Britain, prior to any other known race. If, however, we can believe Plato's story of Atlantis, the explanation of their origin is very simple. He states that they came from the west, and lived for centuries in a high state of civilization and happiness upon an island of untold richness and beauty, situated in the Atlantic Ocean west of the Pillars of Hercules or the Straits of Gibraltar; this island was destroyed by a great earthquake in a single night, and the Azore Islands, which still re-

main, are believed to be the mountain tips of that sunken island. Plato says this island was of vast extent and was the way to other islands beyond, by which its mariners did reach a mighty continent far in the west, which they believed to be the very limits of the earth.

It is this fascinating story which Ailza the Iberian tells the children of Lucian in the opening scene of the play, and it is the knowledge of the existence of the American continents which she leaves them as an heritage.

NOTE.

To those who desire to pursue this interesting subject further, we would refer them to Donnelly's "Atlantis," in which may be found an excellent translation of Plato's story, together with the submarine charts of the Atlantic Ocean, in the vicinity of the Azore Islands, made by H. M. S. Challenger and the U. S. S. Dolphin, as well as much other data of great interest.

THE IBERIAN.

Characters.

AILZA—An Iberian and slave to Lucian.

LUCIAN—An Athenian of wealth and refinement.

PHILLADA—Wife of Lucian.

HECTOR—Their son, a youth of twelve years.

HELEN—Their daughter, a maid of ten years.

EROS—An Ethiopian slave.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO—Principal lyrical character.

ALTO—Antiphonal lyrical character.

TENOR—Third lyrical character.

BASS—Fourth lyrical character.

NOTE.

Throughout the play the part indicated as Chorus should be by the Soprano and that as Semi-Chorus by the Contralto; the Third and Fourth Lyrical characters appear only to accompany the Choral Hymns (see Musical score).

PRELUDE

By Orchestra.

Then the outer curtain is raised

and

Enter Chorus (from left).
Semi-Chorus (from right).

They stand before the divided or second curtain an instant, then kneel vis-à-vis and recite the prayer herewith.

CHORUS AND SEMI-CHORUS.

(Kneeling vis-à-vis) (Recite)

O, mighty, glorious and immortal Jove,
Who rulest all things wisely from above,
The source of all that is, or is to be,
Thy faithful loving servants e'er are we.

CHORUS.

(Standing)

The universe is thine, and just thy sway,
To all who lovingly thy laws obey;
With peace and happiness dost thou requite,
The brave, the good, and all who love the right;

But on the wicked, who in frenzy free
Insult thy name with oaths and mockery,
Thy heavy hand doth fall.

SEMI-CHORUS.

(Standing)

Almighty Jove,
To thee all people cry when in distress,
The old, the young, the poor and comfortless,
Nor dost thou e'er forget their piteous cry,
When it is given with due humility;
Full rich in bounty hast thou ever been,
Now let thy charity again be seen
In this Athenian home.

CHORAL HYMN

Sung by

CHORUS AND SEMI-CHORUS.

(Sing together)

To thee we sing, O mighty Jove,
Whose grace we ask and bounteous love,
While we our vigil keep;
Make not our task too hard to bear,
For mortal life is filled with care,
With woe and pain, and oft despair,
To those whom we call weak.

Yet let the weak but thee implore,
Thy mercy crave, and name adore,
Thy grace will e'er be given;
Then let the message which we bring
Be peace and love, that we may sing
The praises of thee, mighty King,
Who rulest earth and heaven.

CURTAIN.

Preceded by Sweet Music.

Exit Chorus to left. Exit Semi-Chorus to right.

SCENE I.

The Garden at Sunset.

The home of Lucian in Athens, period about 435 B. C. The scene shows the garden or court with fountain at back, and in the distance a typical Athenian landscape; in center stage a table with two Grecian chairs, and at left shrubs and flowers; at the right a low terrace leads to the entrance to the house. One may pass in front of this terrace to the town.

All the details must be strictly in keeping with the period, and exhibit the beauty and refinement of an Athenian home.

SCENE I.

The Garden

at

Sunset.

SCENE I.

Ailza's Story.

AILZA.

(Seated center stage, Helen seated left, Hector kneeling right)

There, there, sweet children, now my duty's done,
Away, enjoy yourselves, before the setting sun
Hath cast its last, most glorious golden ray
Upon this happy scene, and happier day.

HECTOR.

Nay, nay, we leave thee not, until thy promise
Thou shalt keep, to tell us such a tale as
Shall our sympathies enthrall, and make us
Weep for very pity.

AILZA.

What was it that
I promised ye? I have forgot.

HELEN.

O, surely
Thou dost well remember, 'twas of thy home,
Thy people and thy land.

AILZA.

I'd rather speak
Of other things, 'tis much too sad.

HELEN.

Ah, no;
'Tis this we wish, we love thee so, and fain
Would love thy people, and thy land as well.

AILZA.

'Tis very sweet of ye, dear children,
(pause, she embraces them)
Ah, well, then be it so, know that my land
Is called Iberia.

HECTOR.

And where is this
Iberia?

AILZA.

Oh, 'tis very, very
Far from Athens, far out toward the setting
Sun, where this your Ægean Sea doth pass the
Gates of Gades, and flow into that
Limitless ocean which some believe entours
The world; there is my land, there was my home:
Alas, now lost to me forever.

HELEN.

And is it beautiful this land of thine?

AILZA.

Aye, that it is, most passing beautiful.
Far from the sea, great mountains rise to heights
Supreme, their tops forever tipped with purest
Snow, which glistens in the sun like diamonds;
Below vast forests grow, whose stately trees
Surround the mounts, and like an army are
Its sentinels; through these great forests
Rushing waters flow, their streams uniting
Form swift rivers, which, with a force most
Irresistible, soon reach the vale below:
And there, O beauteous land, the valleys stretch
In vast expanse, their fields so rich with
Golden grain, their verdant pastures filled with
Lowing herds, which with the murmur of
The streams, the music of the shepherd's pipe,
All blend into a scene so truly pastoral,
So fair beyond compare, that words do fail
Me quite.

HELEN.

How beautiful, how beautiful.

HECTOR.

Thy home then was it here?

AILZA.

In this fair valley,
Nestled in a shaded vale, stood peacefully
Our home, nor happier one was there in all

The land—until—alas—the cruel wars
With fire and with sword swept all away.
(Pause)
My father in fierce battle fell: my mother
Died of grief; and I, the toy of fate, in
Cruel bondage sold, to gratify our
Enemies. O, the horror of those days
Will haunt me to the grave.

HELEN.

Then speak no more
Of them, but tell us of thy father; he
Was of noble birth I trow?

AILZA.

Aye, a
Nobleman was he, by birth and character.
He was beloved by all, and ruled with kindness
O'er his vast estates, for in that which the
World doth prize the most he was most fortunate.
He had at his command so many slaves,
And husbandmen, and men at arms, that
Even I knew not their number; but when
They all were come together they did seem
A veritable army.—And in the
Mountains near our home vast mines had he, which
Furnished silver in abundance, so that
We ate and drank from vessels made of this
Rare metal.

HECTOR.

Then truly he was rich, thy father?

AILZA.

Aye, rich were we, and happy too, nor wanted
Aught, but that in peace all should enjoy and
Share the bounties of our home.

HELEN.

Are all
Iberians then so rich?

AILZA.

Nay, 'tis much
The same in our fair land as here in Hellas.
All try to reach the vaunted goal, but few
Achieve success.

HECTOR.

But whence came these Iberians?
Were they natives to this land of thine, or
Came they from some foreign parts?

AILZA.

Iberia,
As we call our land, was ne'er the cradle
Of our race. What few of us remain are
But the remnant of a nation prehistoric,
Which centuries on centuries ago
Did dominate the world.

HECTOR.

'Tis wondrous strange,
What now thou dost recount.

AILZA.

Aye, strange in truth,
Yet true beyond the question of a doubt,
For truth doth ever rival fantasie.

HECTOR.

Then were thy people older than th' Egyptians?

AILZA.

Ere Memphis was and Thebes, ere Nineveh
And Babylon, ere Troy, ere even history
Itself, our people were, and lived and thrived
Beyond the wildest dreams of fancy, for
They were favored of the gods,—Poseidon
Was their patron god, and Atlas their first
King, from him their land was called Atlantis.

HELEN.

We've never heard of such a land.

AILZA.

Yet 'tis
No myth; Atlantis was an isle so fair,
So rich, so beautiful, that poets to
This very day find not the words to picture
Its delights.

HECTOR.

And where was this Atlantis?

AILZA.

Beyond the Pillars of Hercules, far
Out toward the setting sun, i' the very
Midst of that great ocean which we do call
The Sea of Og, there rose that beauteous isle.
It was of vast extent and was the way
To other isles beyond, by which its mariners
Did reach a continent, far in the west,
So vast and great that they did well believe
It was the very limits of the earth.

HECTOR.

We've never heard of such a continent.

AILZA.

Yet there it still must be, else is our history
Simply mockery; ye Hellens are no
Mariners, but these Atlanteans feared not
The dangers of the deep. Great ships had they,
And greater hearts which bore them far from home
To foreign countries, which ye Hellens know
Not of. In ancient times vast fleets did come
And go from the Gades to this isle; 'twas thus
Our people came to yon Iberian shores,
In which there must have been a Providence,
For thus the gods do still preserve the remnant
Of a race, once rich, once great and powerful.

HECTOR.

How comes it that so few remain?

AILZA.

"Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground,
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise,
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those have passed away;"
Thus sung thy poet Homer five hundred
Years ago.

HELEN.

Then died this race, like many
Since, through wars and pestilence?

AILZA.

Nay, listen,
For centuries they lived in peace and walked
The paths of virtue, the god-like spirit
Having yet remained within them, but
Avarice and luxury soon ate into
Their hearts, and stilled their consciences, so that
They needs must conquer all the world. Forth went
Their fleets on cruel conquest bent, proud victory
Waited ever on their arms, until it
Seemed as though they were supreme; the wealth
that

Flowed into their country then surpasses
All belief; no land has ever seen the
Like, nor e'er will see again. So rich and
Arrogant were they, so drunk with their success,
So utterly insensible to right
And truth, that there went up throughout the world
A cry unto the gods, to shield it from
Their tyranny; and when the gods did hear
This piteous cry they were exceeding wroth,
And wishing to inflict a punishment
That ne'er should be forgot, they caused the floods
To come, the earth to quake, and in a single
Night this beauteous isle, with every living
Thing upon it, sank—deep down into the sea.

HELEN.

How terrible.

HECTOR.

How horrible.

ATLZA.

And when
The gods perceived the awful havoc they
Had wrought, their hearts were filled with pity;
Then did they vow that ne'er upon this earth
Again should their just wrath be visited,
Forever and forever.

HELEN.

'Tis very, very sad, this wondrous tale,
E'en now the tears do fill mine eyes.

AILZA.

Aye, sad
Indeed, no tragedy with it can e'er
Compare.

HECTOR.

As thou didst speak, I thought of that
Hesperides of which our poets sing.

AILZA.

The gardens of Hesperides and this
Atlantean isle are to my mind the same:
But mark, thy poets sing of it as of
A myth, while I to ye do truthful history
Proclaim.

HECTOR.

But rests there naught to prove this tale?

AILZA.

Aye, this: a living monument have we
In our Iberian race, a dead and silent

One, in these rough mountain tops which still project
Into the sea, far in the boundless west.

HECTOR.

Then when I am a man I'll seek them out.

(Eros enters with a lighted lamp and awaits the children.)

AILZA.

(Standing)

Aye, noble youth, when thou art man set sail,
With gallant ship, caress a favoring gale,
Until these mountain tips thou shalt espy,
Then let thy prayers go up, and give the cry,
Now onward, onward, to the setting sun,
To seek the land of which sweet Ailza sung,
For thou shalt reach this land beyond the sea,
'Tis Ailza's loving heritage to thee.

EROS.

(Approaching)

The hour is late.

AILZA.

(To Eros) I know, good Eros.

(To the children)

Sweet children, give me now a fond caress,
There 's naught can melt the heart like tenderness.

(She embraces them with emotion)

AILZA.

Good-night,

HELEN.

Good-night,

HECTOR.

Good-night,

(as they are passing out)

HELEN.

(To Hector)

When thou set'st sail, thou'll take me with thee, Hector?

(Their voices die in the distance)

Exeunt Hector, Helen and Eros to house. Exit Ailza to garden.

End Scene I.

SCENE II.

The Garden

at

Evening.

SCENE II.

Enter Chorus from left and Semi-Chorus from right and recite.

CHORUS.

Now night draws near and peace is all supreme,
No sound is there to mar the tranquil scene,
The tuneful songbirds all have sought their nest,
And man and beast alike now seek their rest;
But lo, the evening star sends forth its ray,
To bid us 'wake, and sing our joyful lay.
O thou, whose twinkling eye sees everything,
To thee, sweet Hesper, we shall sing.

SEMI-CHORUS.

O Hesper, Phosphor, star of dual name,
What satellite can half such beauty claim?
None, save the moon, who, goddess of the night,
Gives forth her clear but not thy tranquil light,
As thou doth guide the wanderer on his way,
Be thou our guide until the break of day,
For weary be the dark'ning night and long.
O Hesper, hear our even song.

CHORAL HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR.

Sung by
Chorus and Semi-Chorus.

All Hail,
Thou glory of the midnight sky,
All Hail!

Evening star, so softly beaming,
O'er the hills and o'er the dale,
Where fair Nature now is dreaming,
Let thy tranquil light prevail;
Safely through the sombre gloaming,
Lead the wanderer on his way,
And to all the creatures roaming
Be their beacon till the day.

Listless lovers, night prolonging,
Seek thy grateful beams of love,
Claim thee goddess till the morning
Breaks with splendor from above;
Yet with all the planets vying,
Send thy radiance from afar,
E'er the Heavens glorifying,
Hail, all Hail, Sweet Evening Star.

Exit Chorus to left.
Exit Semi-Chorus to right.

SCENE II.

Lucian's Dream.

Enter Lucian.

LUCIAN.

The sun hath set, refreshing night draws near,
And yet I roam from place to place in search
Of some distraction. (pause) At last the evening
Breeze hath come—e'en now it wafts across my
Heated brow and bids me rest. (pause) Blow on, thou
Gentle zephyr, and with thy silent touch
Essay to calm the restless spirit here
Within me.

Enter Phillada.

PHILLADA.

Ah, thou art come, my Lucian?—but weary
Art thou—aye, and sad. Why, what hath passed,
Have I done aught to vex thee? or is it
That the cares of state fall heavily upon
Thee now?

LUCIAN.

(Makes no reply but simply shakes his head)

PHILLADA.

Then surely something grave hath happed
To make thee thus. Come, let me share thy cares
With thee; I have the right, thy faithful wife
I've ever been and thou canst trust in me.

LUCIAN.

But if I should,—I fear that thou wouldst laugh
At my credulity,

PHILLADA.

Nay, that I will not,——
There,—I've promised thee,

LUCIAN.

Well then resolve me
This: where is it that we travel when we sleep?

PHILLADA.

What idle fancy courses through thy brain?

LUCIAN.

Nay, answer me, these apparitions which
We all call dreams, are they of fact or fancy
Born?

PHILLADA.

Alas I know not. Some say they do
Portend events, still have I had no proof
Of this; but yet,

LUCIAN.

It might be possible.

PHILLADA.

It may be, who can tell?

LUCIAN.

Well then it rests
With us to solve the riddle if we can,
And thus forewarned, to be forearmed.

PHILLADA.

'Tis wisely
Said, my Lucian—but speak, say what it
Is that hath unnerved thee thus.

LUCIAN.

Last night
I dreamt that, weary of the cares of state,
I wandered far from home, to breathe the sweet
Inspiring air of spring, and as hath often
Been my wont, I strayed far in the Campagna,
In search of some fair spot where I might rest
In peace and quietude. At last good fortune
Guided me into a charming glade
O'erbowered with trees just budding into leaf,
Through which the noonday sun streamed forth in all
Its glory; beyond my feet a velvet
Sward of brilliant emerald lay spread, through

Which a crystal stream with rippling laughter
Wound its way, no other sound disturbed the
Scene, and I content, yet weary too withal,
In gladness lay me down to rest:—Scarce had
The beauty of the scene impressed itself
Upon my mind, when lo! the piercing cry
Of warning of a wood nymph rent the air.

PHILLADA.

A wood nymph, sayest thou?

LUCIAN.

Aye, e'en so;
The cry all hunters know so well. I looked
About, but naught could I discern, when from
The thicket near at hand a fawn sprang out,
And then irresolute stood still, as if
Imploring heavenly aid to fend it from
Some enemy. Some hunter is at hand
Thought I; then jumping to my feet I saw
A youth near by, with bow well strung, and
Arrow poised, about to launch the shaft: with
Speed of thought I struck the weapon from his
Hand; he, knowing not from whence the stroke did
Come, in terror fled, while I, in wonder,
Still beheld the fawn, all trembling where she stood.

PHILLADA.

Alas, how fear unnerves us all.

LUCIAN.

I marvelled
Much at this, and in the bounty of my
Heart, I thought to take it in my arms, that
I might calm its fears; with reassuring
Mien, I silently approached, for now I
Saw how beautiful it was, and pity
Filled my heart. At last I reached its side and
Softly stroked its head, while it, transfixed by
Fear, stood trembling like a leaf; encouraged
Now at this, I took the gentle creature
In my arms, caressing it the time, while
With its wondrous eyes which peered in mine it
Seemed in silent look to speak its gratitude.
Thus for a moment only did my happiness
Endure, when lo! the piercing wood nymph's cry
Again rang out, and sent a thrill that chilled
Me to the heart. I turned to see from whence
The sound had come, when, with an effort almost
Supernatural, the frightened fawn leaped
From my arms, and fell upon the sward—DEAD.

PHILLADA.

Incredible.

LUCIAN.

And then, as if to taunt me yet
The more, the woodland rang with mocking

Laughter, till I, beside myself with fear, gave forth
A cry, and then awoke all trembling.
And now, go where I may, do what I will,
This mocking laughter seems to haunt me still.

PHILLADA.

A strange, weird tale is this, yet in all truth
Naught can I see that doth portend an ill.

Re-enter

CHORUS AND SEMI-CHORUS.

They remain at right and left of scene and overhear Phillada's reassuring speech to Lucian.

PHILLADA.

(Advances and speaks earnestly)

Thou art by nature strong and bold,
A woman I, of frail and gentler mould,
If I, from this weird dream can naught discern,
Then thou hast naught to fear, nor aught to learn.
Thy dream is not of fact, but fancy born,
Some rest will soon dispel it ere the morn,
With sunny laughter, wake us all in glee,
And show how idle these weird fancies be.

Exeunt Lucian and Phillada to house.

CHORUS.

'Tis clear that this assurance 's all in vain,
No subtle argument can ever gain
The confidence where superstition dwells;
It warps the judgment, and all reason quells,
While fear, instead, holds its relentless sway,
And haunts the mind throughout the livelong day.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Nor can we see what cause there is for fear,
No tragedy 's at hand, no danger near;
A happier home no mortal e'er could gain,
Where love and confidence forever reign.
Yet we'll be near, nor close our eyes in sleep,
But ever faithfully our vigil keep.

Exeunt Chorus left
and Semi-Chorus right.

Re-enter Ailza from garden.

AILZA.

Ah, childhood's happy days, how bright are they,
When free from care, from toil alike relieved,
We romp and play, we love and dream, and in
Our dreams build up the visions of a future
Far more beautiful than poet's pen can
Paint. As years roll on—alas, how quickly
All these childish dreams dissolve, when in their
Place we face the stern realities of life,

With cares that try our very souls,—'tis well
The future 's not disclosed to us, else would
Our courage fail us ere the fight began.

Re-enter Phillada from house.

PHILLADA.

Ailza—alone? and sad again?

AILZA.

(Evasively) Nay, musing
Only.

PHILLADA.

The children ne'er have had a happier day.

AILZA.

Nor I, my lady, since I have been a child;
I've played with them, I've laughed with them,
With them I've wept when they were sad, and thus
In charming comrady the fleeting day
Hath all too quickly flown.

PHILLADA.

And yet whene'er
Thou art alone, I find thee sad.

AILZA.

I live
But in the sunshine of their smiles; when they
Are gone, I muse and dream, and then the
Vision of my native land returns, our
Happy home, and all that was so dear to
Me,—'tis then my heart grows sad,—The fates were
Cruel, when they let me live, to weep and
Mourn alone.

PHILLADA.

In truth thy lot hath been most
Pitiful; yet think how hard it might have
Been, had not my Lucian chanced to stray
Into the Forum when thou wert being sold,
For then that wicked Xenathon would sure
Have gained his prize.

AILZA.

I shudder when I think
Of it. I still can see that haughty coxcomb
Vying to outbid them all—until—ah then,
It must have been, thy husband saw the look
Of horror in my face, and knowing well
This profligate, did pity me and bid
The sum which seemed to stagger all.

PHILLADA.

It was
Indeed his loyal heart which brought about
The act; he hath confided it to me.

AILZA.

I knew it, I was sure of it, and for
This noble deed I'll bless him till my dying
Day, for in all Athens there is not a
Man that would have done the like, not one,
Not one.

PHILLADA.

'Tis true. In this kind Providence
Did interfere, for surely till that day
The Fates had done their worst; all now is
Changed; here in our home thou art not treated
As a slave, but as a faithful friend.

AILZA.

And yet alas, I am a slave; therein
The sting doth lie.

PHILLADA.

If that be all that makes
Thee sad, it shall be remedied. (pause)
This very night shall Lucian procure
The writ which gives to thee thy liberty.
No bondage then shall hold thee in its chains,

None, none at all, save those sweet bonds of love
Which Heaven grant may ever bind thee
Nearer to our hearts.

AILZA.

(Kneels and kisses Phillada's hand)

O, my lady, my
Sweet, my gentle lady.

PHILLADA.

Nor shalt thou ever
Call me lady more, from this day forth my
Sister thou shalt be; thou shalt be free to
Go and come at will; our home shall be thy
Home fore'er, until perhaps some young gallant
Of noble birth may seek thy hand and bid
Thee be his wife.

AILZA.

(Signifies her dissent at this)

PHILLADA.

Then shalt thou never more regret thy lot,
For in that new born happiness thy sorrows
All will flee, and in their place true joy abide.

AILZA.

O, my lady, how weak indeed my words
Of thanks appear, when gauged by thy most noble

Generosity; what can I do to
Show my gratitude? thy bounty hath
Bewildered me.

PHILLADA.

I seek naught in return save that which thou
Mayst freely grant ere it be asked; my
Children are my hope and pride, they love thee
Tenderly, their gentle natures are as
Clay within the potter's hands; continue
Then to help them seek the high ideals of
Life, that when they may be man and
Woman grown they shall do credit to thyself
And to our family name.

AILZA.

A greater honor I could never ask,
Yet doth it put me in thy debt the more.

PHILLADA.

Be ever loyal to our house and name,
The influence we hold is due, not to
Our wealth, but to our loyalty to state,
And love of public weal; yet in these times
Degenerate, foul slander seeks to gain
What virtue might more easily have won.

AILZA.

Fear not, my lady, I e'er shall be, as
I have ever been, thy faithful champion.

PHILLADA.

Be true to me, as I shall ever be
To thee, remembering this, no friendship can
Endure save that in which full faith abides.

AILZA.

I pray the gods the day may never come
When we shall be forbid the secrets of
Our hearts, for love is born of confidence
Without the which it perisheth and dies,
(earnestly)
Should e'er the Fates deny me thy sweet trust,
I should not care to live.

PHILLADA.

(With conviction) That day shall never come.
Nor more let thoughts like these engross thy mind,
(slight pause)
From this day forth thy life shall be more bright,
All cares will pass and sorrows take their flight,
True faith and confidence shall ever reign,
And love, our sweeter friendship now enchain.
Then sigh no more, drive gloomy thoughts away,
The morrow's sun shines on a happier day.

Exeunt Phillada and Ailza to house.

End Scene II.

SCENE III.

The Garden

at

Night.

SCENE III.

Enter Chorus left, and Semi-Chorus right.
Stand before curtain.

Theme.

CHORUS (Recit.)

Awake, Awake, and let your praises ring,

SEMI-CHORUS (Recit.)

Rejoice, Rejoice, to Jove our Mighty King.

CHORUS (Sings)

Strophe.

O, all ye spangled Heavens above
And fruitful Earth below,
Join with us in our song of love,
Your gratitude to show.

SEMI-CHORUS (Sings)

Anti-Strophe.

Ye mounts and meads, and valleys fair,
And all ye living throng,
Ye mighty ocean, sea and air,
Join in our festal song.

CHORUS AND SEMI-CHORUS (Sing together)

Epode.

Awake, Awake and let your praises ring,
Rejoice, Rejoice, to Jove our mighty King,
The Father of all creatures he,
In earth, or sea, or skies;
To him then let our jubilee
Like incense sweet arise.

CHORUS (Sings)

Strophe.

Thy mighty works we see each day,
Thou Father all supreme,
Their strength and beauty all display
The one eternal theme.

SEMI-CHORUS (Sings)

Anti-Strophe.

Thou art the first great cause of all
The source of nature thou,
None other can our souls enthrall,
Save thee to whom we bow.

CHORUS AND SEMI-CHORUS (Sing together)

Epode.

Awake, Awake, and let your praises ring,
Rejoice, Rejoice, to Jove our Mighty King,
Who is the source of all that 's good
In sky, or earth, or sea,
He is our everlasting King,
To all Eternity.

SCENE III.

The Fates' Decree.

Re-enter Eros from house, places lighted lamp on table.

EROS.

(Yawning)
Late hours suit me not.

Re-enter Ailza from house.

AILZA.

(Seated)
Good Eros, what 's the hour?

EROS.

'Tis midnight if
I read the heavens aright.

AILZA.

Then why hast thou
Not sought thy bed?

EROS.

I may not yet, but must
Await my master, who in haste hath just
Gone into town.

AILZA.

Dost know what mission took
Him hence?

EROS.

Nay, save that I heard our mistress
Bid him bring a certain writ, she would not
Be put off until the morn.

AILZA.

The gods be
Praised, his errand then I can divine.

EROS.

But not so I.

AILZA.

(Gleefully) Then list to me.
The morrow is the feast of spring, the brightest
And most joyful season of the year. Awake
Me early in the morn, that we may pluck
From all the flowers that bloom such garlands
Fair, and herbs of sweet perfume as may make
Worthy sacrifice unto the gods.

EROS.

I will.

AILZA.

The family altar hath my loving care,
In all of Athens none shall be more fair,

The gods at last have heard my fervent plea,
The morrow's dawn brings me my liberty.

EROS.

(Amazed)
Thy liberty?

AILZA.

Aye, liberty.

EROS.

I' faith
I wish it not, I am more happy as
I am.

AILZA.

Ah, thou, alas! wert born in servitude,
And art content to serve with gratitude
A master who with kindness all hath done
To make thee love and serve his royal home,
But not so I.

EROS.

And yet methinks he loves
Thee much who grants thee such a boon.

AILZA.

He loves
Me not, but pities me.

EROS.

Art sure of this?

AILZA.

Aye, certain quite.

EROS.

(Insinuatingly) And yet 'tis said that love
And pity are akin.

AILZA.

(Disconcerted) They say—they say
Much that is false, but leave me now, I fain
Would be alone.

Exit Eros to house.

AILZA.

(Rising)

"He loves thee much who grants thee such a boon."
What messenger of evil is this slave?
What dire insinuation in his words,
Yet spake he truth, for pity is akin
To love, (pause) but why pay heed to idle chatter
Such as this? 'Tis plain my master loves sweet
Phillada, and grants this boon to please her whim.

Re-enter Chorus from left.

CHORUS.

Nay, be advised, this slave knows more than he
Hath said.

AILZA.

Then am I blind indeed;—
No master is more kind than mine, and none
More noble, or more generous. I'll not
Believe an evil genius doth possess him.

CHORUS.

Be blinded not by gratitude, for in
Us all the evil seeks to dominate
The good. When evil holds its sway the path
Is difficult.

AILZA.

Then woe to me, my path is sore beset;
One danger flees, another to beget.
Yet buffeted and baffled though I be,
Though cruel fate drive on relentlessly,
In courage born of virtue I'll confide
And duty now shall be my only guide.

CHORUS.

Then on, brave heart, thy course is now made clear,
When duty guides, there 's naught for thee to fear.

Exit Ailza to garden.

Re-enter Lucian from town.

LUCIAN.

(Appears wild and distracted, the conflict within him having clouded his reason)

How chill the midnight air (pours out a cup of wine)
But here 's a remedy that none refuse,
Except they be in dotage.
(Takes another cup and sits at table)

CHORUS.

He hath a wild and haggard look. I'll try
To learn what weighs upon his mind.

LUCIAN.

The writ I have secured, yet am I loath
To give it her. She is of high and haughty
Temperament, and once her liberty
Attained, may wish to leave our home. That must
Not be.

CHORUS.

(Aside) 'Tis plain he speaks of Ailza.

LUCIAN.

She came into our home, like to a
Ray of sunshine: she must remain, else will
The radiance of the day give place to
Gloomy night.

CHORUS.

(Aside)

But why these fears? When one 's restrained there is
No liberty. (loudly) Come, let us have the truth,
The ever living truth.

LUCIAN.

(Somewhat awakened by the voice of Chorus)

The living truth, I love her with a love
That transcends even that of Heaven above:
Few mortals e'er have felt her heavenly spell,
The depths of which I only know too well,
For sorrow's scars with mortal cares combine
To hide the beauties of that soul divine;
I, I alone, can read her soul aright,
And I, alas, may not her soul requite.

CHORUS.

(Aside)

The slave was right. He is in love, yet hath
The sense of duty not forsaken him.

LUCIAN.

They say the gods are good, they give us eyes
To see, and ears to hear, great hearts to love,
And be loved in return. The very blood
Which courses through our veins they charge with
their
Immortal fire, and then, as if to mock

Their noble work, they build about us here
A false environment, which none may break
Save at their great displeasure; thus do they
Lift us up to Heaven, to dash us down
To earth again:—What idle mockery!

CHORUS.

(Aside)

Ah! now he rails against the gods. In truth
Some evil spirit hath possessed him,——
I'll try to wake him from the spell. (loudly) Awake,
Thou dreamer—Ho, awake!—cease thy senseless
Railing. Mock not the gods, but be content.

LUCIAN.

I mock the gods? Ha, ha, ha, (laughing wildly)
I be content,—with such a mighty tumult,
Raging in my heart, ha, ha, ha,—what irony!

CHORUS.

A fever hath disturbed thy brain—thou canst
Not see as other men do see. What proof
Hast thou that Ailza loves thee in return?
None, none at all. Thou hast mistaken
Gratitude for love.

LUCIAN.

(This retort seems to awaken him again for an instant)

Nay, nay, that cannot be, (pause) yet if perchance

It should be true, then by what fate am I
Pursued,—I'll know the truth to-night.

CHORUS.

Now surely thou art mad.

LUCIAN.

(Laughing wildly)

Mad, ha, ha, ha, the Fates would wind their
Silent web about me,—Aye but let me
Learn the truth, then I shall laugh them all to
Scorn: the truth I'll know, cost what it may.

CHORUS.

Then woe to thee—Ah, woe to thee—Nay seek
It not; 'twill add but to thy grief.

LUCIAN.

(Wildly) Away,
Begone! Thy idle chatter suits me not,
I am the master all imperious here,
I seek not thy advice, my mind is set,
Away, begone, we are but illy met.

CHORUS.

Fool, fool, the hand of Jove shall crush
Thy arrogance.

Exit Chorus hurriedly to left.

Re-enter Ailza from garden.

LUCIAN.

Behold she comes as radiant as the new
Born spring, (hesitating) I prith'ee but a moment,
(hands her the writ)
Take this, it is the gift of Phillada,
Thy liberty.

AILZA.

The gods be praised, at last they've heard my prayer,
Now unto them I'll render fitting sacrifice.
(She kneels at his feet)
But unto thee, O good and noble master,
What can I give? Alas, naught but my
Feeble words of thanks, which in their dire
Poverty can ne'er bespeak my gratitude.

LUCIAN.

(Takes her hand and bids her rise)
Thy heart speaks through thy beauteous eyes, and
Silent though their message be, they bid me hope
That gratitude is but a part of that great love
Which dwells within thy heart.

AILZA.

(Greatly embarrassed) My lord, I prith'ee
Cease——

LUCIAN.

(Continues in his wild flight of eloquence)

Nay—

I'll speak the secret of my heart tonight,
I cannot longer bear this load alone,
And thou who mayst read my heart aright,
Will of thy bounty let this act atone;
For nights and days I've wandered far and wide,
This heavy burden in my heart to quell,
But now, no longer shall I try to hide
The secret which my breaking heart must tell:
I love thee, Ailza, as no man hath loved.
My love is not as other men's may be,
But is as pure as that of Heaven above,
Such as the gods themselves would give to thee.
O, thou who art so noble, good and pure,
Whose very words thine own sweet soul partake,
Have pity on me, and thy love assure
Before my poor distracted heart doth break.
(He kneels imploringly at her feet)

AILZA.

(For an instant is completely stunned, then cries)
Ah no—— No—— No—— No. I pity thee—
I pity thee—but love—(laughing wildly) Why thou
Art mad.

Still laughing wildly, she advances and is about to denounce Lucian, when she observes his pitiful

condition, and with a supreme effort attempts to stifle her emotions. At this instant the sharp cry of Phillada is heard.

PHILLADA.

(Calling off scene). **Lucian, Lucian.**

AILZA.

It is thy wife that calls; (pause)
Thy duty bids thee go.

(Half dazed he enters the house)

Exit Lucian.

Ailza now awakens to a true realization of what has happened and in despair cries:

AILZA.

Ah, now I see it all, my sorrows must have
Veiled mine eyes, I have been blind! blind! blind!
But he, why surely he is mad; he cannot
See that with this idle talk of love he
Robs me of the friendship of his wife, and
Drives me from his home. Fool! Fool! he's mad,
he's mad!

(She falls into chair, and looks blankly into auditorium, still holding the writ in her hand)

Re-enter Phillada from house, under great excitement; she passes back and forth behind Ailza, oblivious of her presence, then suddenly stands at right of stage, looking straight into auditorium in deep meditation.

PHILLADA.

(Aside)

His wild and haggard look filled me with fear.

AILZA.

(Aside)

With but a single word he crushed my hopes.

PHILLADA.

(Aside)

He passed me by without a look or thought;

AILZA.

(Aside)

And this, when all the future seemed so bright.

PHILLADA.

(Aside)

I've never seen him thus before.

AILZA.

(Aside) Alas,

Was ever creature so beset as I?

PHILLADA.

(Aside)

The cause I'll know; I will not be forbid.

(She turns and regards Ailza)

AILZA.

(Aside)

Seek as I may there 's only one escape—

PHILLADA.

(Suddenly)

Ailza,—What, hath some evil spirit
Thee entwined within its fatal spell?

AILZA.

(Sadly)

Nay——

PHILLADA.

(Observing the writ)

He gave thee, then, the writ?

AILZA.

(Assents but does not reply)

PHILLADA.

What said he unto thee?

AILZA.

(Almost in tears)

I leave to-morrow for my native land.

PHILLADA.

Nay, that must not, shall not be. (Pause) O tell
Me what hath passed, I beg of thee.

AILZA.

(Makes no reply, but breaks down, sobbing aloud)

PHILLADA.

(Amazed)

O Lucian, what hast thou said, what hast
Thou done. (She rushes into house.)

Exit Phillada.

AILZA.

Enough, my duty 's clear, I dare not stay
A moment longer, or delay; I'll go
At once, take passage on some merchant ship
Bound to my native land, and then, away
Forever.

(With pathos)

O, bright and happy home, farewell,
I leave thee now bowed down with care and woe,
My cup of sorrow 's filled unto the brim,
The cruel Fates have willed it to be so.
Though dark and dim the distant future be,
Though danger lurk on sea or foreign shore,
Alas, I cannot longer stay with thee,
But must away to-night, forever more.

Farewell, sweet Phillada, my loving friend,
Farewell, ye children, whom I love so well,
My breaking heart will soon my sorrows end,
And leave ye only memory. Farewell, Farewell.

Vivid lightning flashes light the scene. She hesitates in terror an instant, then with a despairing cry rushes swiftly to the town.

Exit Ailza.

(Lightning flashes continue)

SEMI-CHORUS.

(Calling off scene)

Lucian, Lucian.

Re-enter Chorus from left.

CHORUS.

(Dramatically)

The hunted fawn escapes thee, Lucian.

Exit Chorus left, crying

Woe, Woe, Woe.

The distant rumbling of approaching thunder is heard, bright lightning flashes ray the murky sky, loose tangled clouds drift o'er the horizon as rapidly the storm comes on.

Re-enter Lucian from house.

LUCIAN.

(Calling softly)
Ailza! Ailza!— (pause). Gone?

LUCIAN.

(Loudly)
Eros! Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

EROS.

Good master?

LUCIAN.

Quick, into town; our Ailza
Hath escaped. Seek everywhere, get every
Aid, but bring her back; 'tis life or death;
(Seizes him fiercely)
Then fail me not.

EROS.

(Greatly awed) I go.

LUCIAN.

She must, she shall return,—

A terrific thunder clap cuts short his speech, in-

tensely vivid flashes light the scene, in the midst of which he cries—

LUCIAN.

O blow, ye mighty winds, ye fierce and fiery
Thunderbolts, crash on; I fear ye not,
Nor dread ye as I dread uncertainty.

(At this instant re-enter Eros from town)

EROS.

(Rushing in he falls upon his knees at his master's feet, speechless)

LUCIAN.

(Fiercely)
Speak, fool, speak,—

EROS.

(Huskily) None can withstand
The thunderbolts of Jove.

LUCIAN.

What now, fool?

EROS.

She lies upon thy threshold—dead,—

LUCIAN.

(Completely dazed) DEAD?

EROS.

(Sobbing)

Aye, dead.

The mocking laughter of some revellers is heard without. Lucian, stunned by this dreadful news, and awe-stricken at this unnatural laughter, however, with a mighty effort tries to stifle his emotions, but finding this impossible, in agony cries:

LUCIAN.

O Mighty Jove, a moment past in agony
I mocked thee,—Now hast thou crushed
Me unto dust.

(He falls into the chair at table, hides his head in his arms and sobs aloud; then as if to answer this speech a second and more distant crash of thunder is heard, followed by vivid lightning)

CURTAIN.

From off scene, as curtain descends, men's voices are heard singing

Dirge.

THE MUSIC.

THE musical score written for this play by H. Claiborne Dixon is of particular interest, in that certain numbers are arranged for relief and others to accompany the speaking voice. The theme of the poem being Fate and Love, these ideas have naturally been conveyed in the music. The prelude opens with a melody in the minor which may be called the theme of Fate; this is followed by a chorale in the major, the Love theme, which, in turn, is succeeded by the dominating Fate theme transposed to the major, with which the prelude concludes.

The same themes have been used in a modified form in the episodes preceding the choral hymns, but their complete recall is not made until the conclusion of the final scene, when they recur with full meaning and most dramatic effect.

The orchestral score is written for two violins, viola, violoncello, double bass, clarinet, harp, kettledrums and piano, nine instruments in all.

Another score, specially adapted for readings of the poem, has been arranged for piano, reed organ, solo violin and kettledrums.

These scores are not for sale, but information regarding them, and applications for permission to present the work, either as a reading or as a play, may be made through the publishers.

ERRATA.

On page 11, first paragraph, second line, should read—combine in a play of one act certain of the beauties of etc.

On page 57 omit— Stand before curtain.

At foot of page 78, should read—Chorale instead of Dirge.

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Lamb, Osborn Rennie
The Iberian

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